

Taylor, Mrs. Mary Ann























# titute Pension Plan

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Armed Services To Aid Victory Loan Campaign	Civic Salaries 1941 Show Decrease Over 1940 Report States
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# Johnston Walker

## Limited

## Price Ceiling Puts Stop To

# **Profiteering**

How price ceilings, promptly placed on commodities where speculative buying is indicated, can be used to stop profiteering, was shown recently when Warminster Prices and Trade Board put its "ceiling" on onions. Now comes an interesting sequel from Kelowna B.C., centre of the onion-growing industry in this province.

The Kelowna Marketing Agency Limited—a body set up under provincial legislation—issued a circular, dated Jan. 27, quoting onion ex-cold storage, No. 1, 100 pound sacks, at \$70 per ton, to be sacked, at \$70 per ton, for bulk.

Kelowna

The regional representative of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board at once ordered an investigation

which revealed that the increase was not justified. The marketing agency was instructed to return to its former price of \$60 per ton.

Even hair-cuts come under the board, and Robert S. McQuillan of Vancouver is all set for six months' free haircutting as the result of a board decision. McQuillan's favorite barber recently joined the union and raised his prices above what he had charged in the base period. "The union requires me to," said

McQuillan, "The Wartime Prisoners and Trade Board can't let you go unless they had a friendly ban on it before writing to the board for a ruling. Now McQuillan doesn't mind how often he must drop in for a hair-cut during the next six months."

-V-

## Red Cross Doing Utmost In Tokyo

OTTAWA, Feb. 3. — (CP) — The national defence department said Monday night it has been advised that the International Red Cross is doing "everything possible" to help Tokyo. The statement came as the fate of Canadian troops who took part in the unsuccessful defence of Hong Kong and to put into

operation arrangements for the welfare of prisoners of war.

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# COLDS



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**FOR OUR  
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S BULLETIN**

**& NAVY**













# Quaint Dutch Indies City Home Of Strong Naval Base.



Allied warships dock not far from the streets of Soerabaja, Java, where these three-wheeled taxis and quaint street cars run. Naval base here is now second only to Singapore for United Nations in the Far East.



At left, British troops examine some of the guns which for months battered at Tobruk in an unsuccessful attempt to blast out the Australian defenders. Finally they were themselves battered, and then abandoned by fleeing Axis gunners. Smashed German and Italian planes littering the airport of Derna when it was occupied by the Allies are seen at right.



## FOR VALOUR

### Captain (Now Major) Coulson Norman Mitchell, V.C., M.C.

In the good-natured inter-service rivalry within the Canadian Corps during the long trench-war of the 1914-18 war, the infantry professed a cordial dislike for the Engineer and all his works. The latter's indefatigable efforts to repair old trench-work, to build new systems, switches, spurs and communications, to dig cable ditches and mine saps, and to fortify strong-points and machine-gun positions, greatly distressed the Infantry. The Artillery and other corps were strictly neutral, but the Infantry were the laborers for the necessary carrying and working parties. They coolly declared that the Engineer must spend all his off-duty hours inventing new and disagreeable pick-and-shovel, sandbag-filling tasks for the foot-slogger—in as dangerous and obnoxious places as possible.

This attitude of the Infantry toward the Sappers, persisted through the labor of trench-worked war. But at the turning of war's tide, in the series of victorious British offensive battles in 1918, the Engineer came into his own—even the Infantry's generous agreement, thanks and approval. No member of the Canadian Engineers did more to change the Infantry's views toward his service than Capt. Norman Mitchell whose great gallantry and courage simultaneously won the Victoria Cross and a new and respectful regard for the Engineer by all the Canadian Corps.

The distinguished act of bravery occurred on the night of October 8, 1918, at Pont d'Aire over the Canal de l'Escaut. Largely through Captain Mitchell's courageous exploit in preventing destruction of the bridge, the attacking Canadian Infantry were able to cross the canal and so enter and capture the city of Cambrai, almost without loss, at 5 a.m. the next morning.

Cambrai was practically outflanked by the British Army in the first week of October, 1918, but in order to conserve men and to save the city from destruction, a serious assault was delayed until it was evident, even to the Germans, that it would have to be evacuated. Many of the German garrison made their escape from the beleaguered city around midnight of October 7th. A large-scale advance by the 2nd and 3rd Canadian Divisions was then arranged for the early morning of the 9th in order to maintain pressure.

This night attack jumped off at 1 a.m. with the Canal de l'Escaut forming a barrier between the enemy and the advance Canadian divisions. It was certain that the Germans would attempt to blow up the three bridges over the canal. The moment their rear-guard had crossed, and the job of preventing their demolition, or of building a pontoon crossing if



MAJ. C. N. MITCHELL, V.C., M.C.



VICTORIA CROSS

the dynamite succeeded, was given to "D" company of the 4th Battalion, Canadian Engineers. Captain Mitchell was destined for immortality by being detailed to command a daring advance party which would attempt to reach the bridges and disconnect the charges before they could be exploded.

Because the time factor was all important in blocking the demolition work of the Germans, Captain Mitchell and his squad were in the jump-off trench with the infantry when the barrage broke. He at once led the way, in advance of the infantry, toward the three canal crossings. Before the little party of engineers could reach the nearest bridge, they heard a dull, whumping explosion—and saw the jump of flame which said that it was already gone. Captain Mitchell then led a headlong dash for the second bridge, with the main crossing, Pont d'Aire, still further on.

As they reached the western approach to the second subsidiary bridge, they found it under heavy fire, but intact. Captain Mitchell now had only a sergeant and two men with him, the rest of his party having become casualties. He placed the three in front as a covering screen while he examined the bridge. With the aid of the livid glare of battle, reflected in the night sky, he found a series of wires leading to demolition

charges under the bridge. He successfully cut them, and with one man left raced on for Pont d'Aire. Once more it appeared that they were in time. Without waiting to reconnoitre or estimate the strength of the enemy troops holding the bridge-head at the far side of the main crossing, Captain Mitchell rushed recklessly over the structure. The Germans appeared to have evacuated the position, and there was the chilling apprehension that the charges had been set to explode by a short time-lapse. But in the confusion of the flame-spilt night, Captain Mitchell worked frantically to discover the location of the explosives.

The courageous officer had just discovered them, and their lead-wires, when a warning cry from his single sentry told him that a strong force of the enemy was coming back to blow up the bridge. In a gallant attempt to fight them off, the sentry was wounded. Captain Mitchell then charged single-handed. In a furious melee he killed three Germans, and so saved the remaining twelve Huns by his impetuous bravery that they surrendered. The gallant Canadian officer then held the bridge alone against all comers until reinforcements from the leading waves of the infantry at last reached him.

With the bridge now securely in Canadian hands, Captain Mitchell quickly returned to his original job. Under heavy artillery fire, he only removed the detonators from the heavy charges—and within a brief time strong parties of Canadian Infantry, and even field artillery, were safely across Pont d'Aire with Cambrai just beyond. They entered the city at daylight.

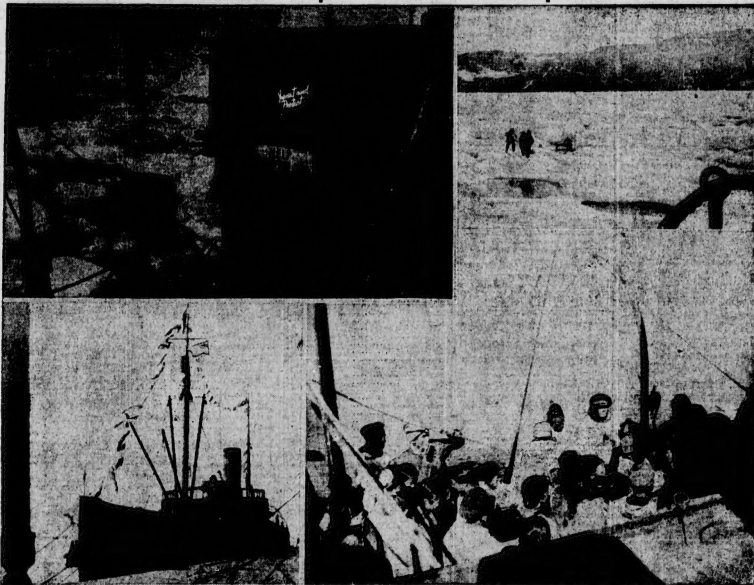
As the unimolent words of his citation for the Victoria Cross read: "It was entirely due to his valor and decisive action that this important bridge across the canal was saved from destruction."

They should also do more than refer by inference to the number of infantry lives he saved, and to the immense value of his exploit in expediting the advance on Cambrai.

The hero of Cambrai was born and educated in Winnipeg, graduated in engineering from the University of Manitoba in 1912. He comes of a soldiering family, his father having been a noted Basky shill, and an original officer of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles with active service in the Rebellion of 1885. Captain Mitchell's two brothers were also officers in the last war, in which he enlisted himself in 1914 as a private with the Railway Construction Corps. He was later commissioned with the 1st Tunnelling Company, C.F.E. and won the Military Cross in December, 1917, in a mining exploit which blew up a series of German subterranean galleries.

Captain (Now Major) Mitchell returned to the Canadian Army at the first opportunity at the outbreak of the present war. He proceeded overseas in August, 1940, and now commands a field company of engineers.

## Canada's Outpost Workers Set Example



Canada faces a difficult task this month, when in the midst of winter citizens are asked to subscribe at least half a billion dollars for Victory Loan bonds. But if citizens in the country's nine provinces show the same spirit as the little handful of Canadian citizens who live in the Eastern Arctic, the success of the campaign will not be in doubt. Last July the good ship Nascopec carried \$10,000 worth of Victory Loan bonds on its annual visit to the far north. Fur traders, Canada's mounties and others working in the Eskimo country snapped up the \$10,000 before the boat reached Baffins Island. And an additional \$1,500 worth of orders were carried back to Ottawa. Pictures show the Nascopec travelling through ice fields in its far north tour. Note the Victory Loan posters on the boat and the Eskimo visitors, to whom the annual visit of the boat is the year's highlight.

## Stamp Seller



En route to Miami to appear in a night club chorus, Katy Paige and 12 other girls sold \$500 worth of defence stamps between Washington, D.C., and Richmond, Va., aboard the Champion, New York-Miami train. A customer at a Miami night club is shown peeling stamps from Katy at 10 cents per.

## Heart Of Singapore, Menaced Far East Citadel



Photo above shows main section of city of Singapore, where populace worked feverishly to bolster defences against day Japanese opened siege of that bastion. The Dutch Archipelago is seen in the distance. Withdrawing from the Malayan mainland, Empire forces are determined to fight to the finish to hold the great fortress.



# THE BRIDE CAME FORTH

By Louise Holmes

**CHAPTER III**  
VICKY GAYLORD, planning marriage, is shopping for a compact when she is suddenly accosted by a man in a tuxedo. A smartly dressed stranger attempts to interview her but is rebuffed by Vicky. Her father is serving a term for embezzlement and she feels the pain of it worse than the loss of her ears, nose and lips.

**CHAPTER III**  
VICKY awoke early Sunday morning. After breakfasting she looked over the ironing board, sponging and pressing until her face was warm and moist from the absorbing task. Her bright hair curled in tight little ringlets on damp forehead and neck, she was breathless with endeavor.

It was hot for September, summer's last stubborn fling in the face of autumn. A scrubby tree stood just beyond the open kitchen door, its leaves limp and tired.

A small gale blew cinder dust in weary circles. The cinders were deeply imbedded, successfully discouraging Vicky's attempts at grass and flowers. She closed the door against the dust and went on with her pressing.

**ANN AND BILL**  
Meanwhile Ann and Bill Northwood breakfasted at the shaded terrace. They had half finished when Eric Latimer stroiled across the lawn from the guest cottage to join them. Seeing him come, Ann rang for tea and juice and fresh coffee.

"Good morning, guest," she sang. The girl blushed, smiling contentedly. She fluttered about Eric, attending his wants. She murmured, "Yes, Mr. Latimer, I sleep very well." Leaving the terrace, she glanced over her shoulder.

Eric arched his brows and smiled sardonically. "Women," he exclaimed disgustedly. "They're all alike, old or young, thin or fat, stupid or intelligent, they're all alike."

"I resent that," Ann said good-naturedly. "You're not a woman," he declared flatly. "You're Bill's other half and that's all right—if he wants another half."

"And I do want my other half," Bill said loyally. "Ann and I form a unit, and a very satisfactory unit. I might add if you're content with a dubious fraction—okay-ay."

**FLIBBERTY-JIBBETS**  
Eric continued, "Excepting Ann's perfection, all women are copycats, are conscious flibberty-jibbets. I offer Lizzy as proof. She couldn't inquire as to her nightgown without bringing forth blouses and gaiters and side-saddles."

Ann inquired amusedly, "Who's being consulted now?" Lizzy is a little country girl, you are a distinguished personage. It isn't surprising at all that she should be flustered by your attention."

"Distinguished personage, my eye," Eric blurted. "I'm a man that's why she turned on the so-called charm. Lizzy is more obvious than some, but they're all alike, on the make from dawn till dark."

Ann was a tall girl with long slender limbs, graceful hands, an oval, interesting face. "Speak to the company, Billy," she advised. "Hi," he grinned. Bill and Eric Latimer had shared the same apartment in Manhattan before necessity, and his father's vast interests, brought Bill back to Slim-Valley.

There was a strong bond of affection between the two young men. Eric's only criticism of his friend was that he had chosen to enter matrimony. Freedom was an important word in Eric's vocabulary.

"Greetings and salutations," Eric called, approaching the table. "Pull up a free and fun yourself!" Bill urged lazily.

"I'll let Mother Nature finish me," he smiled. Eric sat down. He accepted a tall glass of orange juice from a personable little maid, addressing her disinterestedly.

"Good morning, Lizzy. I trust you sleep well."

"Count me out, children," Eric said, rising from his chair. "A siren in surprise—huh-uh—no thanks!" Withdrawing to a chair beside the stone coping, he took a pad and pencil from his pocket and began to draw, swiftly, efficiently. Sheet after sheet he crumpled and discarded.

"I want him to hear Vicky sing," Ann said in an undertone to her husband. "She's so sweet and lovely."

"Well go," Bill assured her. "It's only bluffing."

Eric threw his pad and pencil aside, exclaiming, "I can't get it. Worked half the night and I can't get it."

"When can't you get it?" Ann asked. "That girl! That lovely Vicky with the baby stare. It was when I bought your perfume, Ann. She stole some trinket or other—delicious profile—fascinating bone structure—"

Down on Railroad Avenue Vicky's "delicious profile" was bent over, Jim's daily letter in which he declared that he loved her, that he adored her, that nothing could separate them—nothing. Sometimes Vicky thought she read panic between the love lines, as if Jim might be frightened or tormented or fiercely determined. Silly, of course.

**PERVIOUS ARRANGEMENT**  
She reread his letter. He would see her on the morrow as per previous arrangement. Vicky's radiant smile dimmed a little at the mention of the morrow. As per previous arrangement meant a meeting in Windsor, a small Vermont city shadowed by the walls of the state penitentiary, dental house of correction.

Odd that Jim's wooing had been carried on almost entirely with the shadow between the two of them and the sun. Seldom had he come to Bill Valley and those few letters only for an hour. Business took Jim from coast to coast, business kept him busy.

On one of the few times when he came to Bill Valley, Vicky had introduced him to Ann and Bill. The young Northwoods had been gracious and friendly but both Vicky and Jim had considered the time wasted. The close, two-some quality of their love was the most delightful thing about it.

Vicky put the letter back in its envelope. Tomorrow would be the last rendezvous in Windsor. After that Vicky's home would be in New York. After that she would no doubt go alone to the city of shadows.

Again she folded her wedding gown into the cardboard box. She ran cool water into the antiquated tub. She dressed, a thin flowered chiffon, white hat, gloves and slip-on shoes. Time for autumn clothes when autumn came. She went to the fourth avenue church by bus, tenderly carrying the cardboard box.

It was late when she reached the cold dimness of the choir room and one of the boys helped her into a long black robe. That robe did little to hide the exquisite purity of her features, brought out the silvery gold highlights of her hair. The round white collar gave her a look of childish innocence.

The organ was already throbbing out the first hymn and she took her place in the line of choir boys and girls. She walked sedately up the aisle to the left, singing as she went. Seated, she allowed her eyes to drift over the congregation in search of Ann. She and Ann always exchanged smiles during the prayer. Billy's friendly grin was a heart warming thing to be cupped on her face. She found them and her lips curved in a smile.

**ANNOYING STRANGER**  
Eyes moving on, she caught her breath. Seated beside Ann was the smiling sister of the previous day. The sight of him brought back those anguished moments in Bill's department store. He was gazing about the beautiful church, a face, twisted expression, no hair, good looking face.

The service went on, worshipfully quiet. Then the deep tones of the organ announced Vicky's solo. She stepped forward. Standing as she was, between the congregation and the organ lights, her face appeared to be surrounded by a misty aura. Somber gown, little white collar meeting under her chin, in her hands a red hymn book. As if drawn against her will, she led down into the dead-end eyes of the Northwood guest.

(To be continued.)

The U.S. Department of Labor has ruled that time lost through a blackout is not to be construed as hours worked.



Supernatural



Sabotage!



Sabotage!



Little Orphan Annie



The Cynic and the Stoic



The Cynic and the Stoic



Moon Mullins



The Healing Touch



The Healing Touch



Gasoline Alley



Where There's a Way There's a Will



Where There's a Way There's a Will



Dick Tracy



Visitors' Hour



Visitors' Hour



Boots and Her Buddies



Just One of Those Things



Just One of Those Things



Alley Oop



His Master's Description



His Master's Description



Freckles



Electioneering



Electioneering

## Animal Crackers



Animal Crackers

## Curious World

By William Ferguson



Curious World



Curious World

**JAMES EMERY JR.**  
CHARLESTON, W.VA., HAS THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST TO SAY "I DO" (1917)

**IF YOU WERE SHIPWRECKED**  
AND HAD TO CHOOSE A PLACE TO LIVE, WHERE WOULD YOU GO?

**ANSWER:** On Easter Island, in the Pacific.

